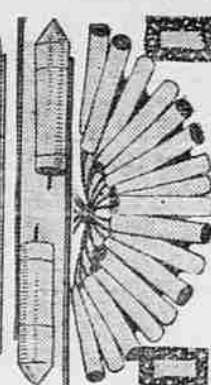
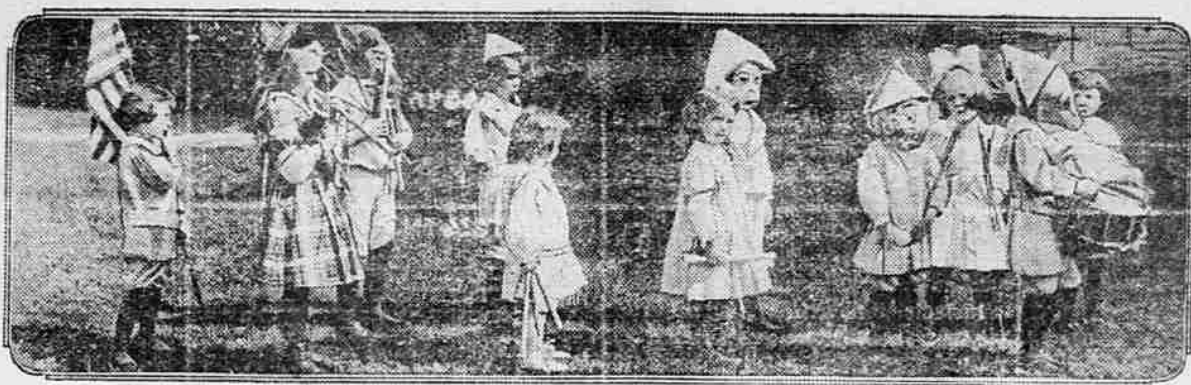
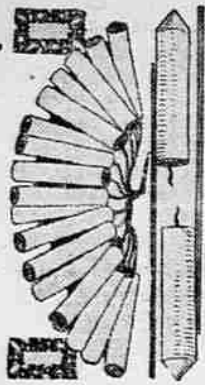


THE NOISELESS FOURTH

MAW says us little girls an' boys
Ought not to make firecracker noise
Because the poppin' sound, says maw,
Is always sure to frustrate paw.
We don't know what a frustrate is,
But maybe it's the crackers' fizz.
An', anyhow, we don't intend
To do a thing 'at will offend.

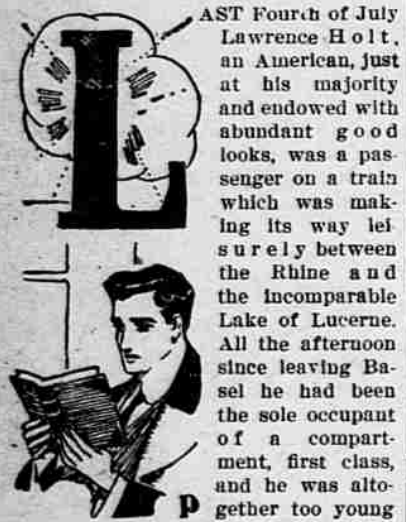


WITH THE NOISE MASKED

SO all the kids we've asked to come
An' p'ride with us, I'll beat the drum,
An' Sis 'll blow the horn, an' then
We'll march around like little men,
An' paw will hear us an' be proud—
If we don't play too orful loud.
But I'll just wear a mask, you see,
Then paw, of course, won't know it's me.

HER GLORIOUS FOURTH OF JULY

By GERALD PRIME.
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TRIED TO BECOME
INTERESTED IN IT.

LAST Fourth of July Lawrence Holt, an American, just at his majority and endowed with abundant good looks, was a passenger on a train which was making its way leisurely between the Rhine and the incomparable Lake of Lucerne. All the afternoon since leaving Basel he had been the sole occupant of a compartment, first class, and he was altogether too young and too interested in humanity to enjoy the exclusiveness of the railway journey.

So he took a book from his bag and tried to become interested in it. A single paragraph convinced him that he had chosen a form of distraction which was destined to prove unsatisfactory. The passage ran as follows:

"There are moments in the lives even of those who are in apparent control of their mental and normal processes during which the most inconceivable vagaries come into being and the most unaccountable acts are performed. All this occurs, too, without any absolute surrender of personal integrity on the part of the subject so influenced."

Holt read no further. "Rot of the deadliest sort!" he ejaculated. A moment later the train stopped at little station in a deep valley, the door of the compartment was opened, and there entered the most interesting subject for speculation Holt had seen for many a day. After she established herself as his vis-a-vis with the charming little bustle and sunny incident to the sex Holt stole a glance and at once made up his mind that his tedium was at an end. Even should their medium of communication be reduced to pantomime, he assured himself, it could not fail to prove vastly interesting. Then he began to speculate as to her probable nationality.

Not English certainly. There wasn't a trace of ESTABLISHED HER-SELF AS HIS VIS-A-VIS, a characteristic of the British female away from home.

"Pardon me, but is that a Chicago daily you are reading?" The problem was solved. The accent and the manner left nothing to be imagined.

"Would you—would you let me have it just for a moment? It's positively ages since I've seen a Chicago paper." She grasped the politely tendered journal with a sincerity which was as naive as it was unconventional. Then, without further speech, she proceeded to read his paper.

For full ten minutes Holt made good his opportunity to make a more extended study of her. She was so absorbed in her determination to leave nothing undiscovered in the paper that she was unconscious apparently of his close observation and manifest appreciation. Before the expiration of the period the young man had arrived at the conclusion that she was the most unmistakably admirable bit of femininity he had ever encountered. There at he sighed profoundly.

She heard, and it banished the spell cast by the engrossing paper. An exquisite flush appeared in her cheeks, and she laughed a little and then grew very sober.

"How perfectly dreadful of me to deprive you of your paper!" she said, restoring it with a most charming grace. "What a selfish creature I must seem! Dear old Chicago!"

"You are from Chicago—originally?" he ventured. "Originally is good," she declared merrily. "Yes, I lived there—centuries ago—at Evanston."

"I'm from Lake Forest myself," he confessed. "How perfectly lovely!" She clasped her hands and a look almost beatific came into her face.

"I don't see why—why we are not acquainted. I lived at Evanston for four years—at the university, you know."

She sighed so faintly that he hardly recognized it. "I think I know why we are not acquainted," she said. "If I knew—the name—"

"My name is Holt—Lawrence Holt," he interrupted eagerly. "Do you belong to the Chauncey Hots?"

"Chauncey Holt is my father."

"I might have known," she said softly, her eyes downcast. "You are really very like him."

Then she sighed, quite audibly this time. "When you see your father," she went on, with a tender light in her eyes that made her irresistible, "ask him if he remembers a certain young person who at the mature age of ten selected him for her hero and proposed elopement. You may tell him also that I have forgiven him for his lack of chivalry on that occasion and that I have consoled myself with a husband who makes the very finest condensed milk in all Switzerland. The establishment is at Cham, where we shall be in less than five minutes. If you are interested in such matters, I should advise you to stop over and let my husband show you his plant. It's perfectly splendid!"

The disillusioned young man did not share her enthusiasm. It even taxed his ingenuity to find the words to decline her hospitality, but he managed to accomplish it after a fashion. He was practically silenced by the unexpectedness of the denouement, and his beautiful fellow traveler realized that on her devoted the task of saving the situation.

"I see you have been reading Herve," she observed, reaching out for the book. "My husband is very fond of him. Do you care for this?"

"The opening paragraph is enough for me," he replied dejectedly. "Let me judge of that," she laughed, opening to the place.

While she was reading the whistle shrilled the approach to Cham. "It's perfectly true—every word of it," she declared, closing the book and returning it to him.

The train was slowing perceptibly. "I will prove it," she insisted. Still laughing, she rose to her feet, took his hand between her hands and imprinted a light kiss upon his forehead.

At that moment the train came to a full stop, the guard appeared at the door of the compartment, and madam descended to the platform of the station. The proprietor of the condensed milk establishment, middle aged and adipose, was waiting near by to receive her. Holt saw them board a big red motor which stood just outside the stockade. Then it was that she looked back at him for the first time.

"Hurrah for the glorious Fourth!" she called out, with a farewell wave of a very shapely hand.

'Twas ever thus—
IN CHILDHOOD'S HOUR!

PERCIVAL'S pockets
Are bulging with rockets;
Algernon's arms are overflowing with "giants";
Algy and Percy
Are ready (oh, mercy!)
Now to give Peace a diurnal defiance—
Yes, and nocturnal.
They'll keep the infernal
Racket a-going till midnight or later.
Spies of the warning
They get in the morning
Fresh from the lips of their peace-loving pater.

T. SAPP

Eagle Still Screams.
Mrs. Isaac L. Rice, the New York woman who a few years ago organized the Society for the Suppression of Unnecessary Noise, began a crusade early this year for a noiseless Fourth of July. She enlisted the efforts on paper of several governors and mayors, but the American eagle still screams and the firecracker continues to crack.

Patriotic Sentiments—BEFORE and AFTER

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BEFORE.

Johnnie—You better be keeful, Willie! Don't light that un while you got the whole bunch of firecrackers on your arm. Might splode 'em all at once an' spaze your face. Lemme hold the bunch.

Willie—Naw, I won't! Who's 'fraid? D'you s'pose them brave forefathers of ours was 'fraid to fire off their guns till they handed their powderhorns to some other feller to hold while they pulled the trigger? They never 'd 'a' beat the British that a-way. If you're scared, Johnnie, you can run. Hooray for the 'Merican eagle! Here goes!

Johnnie—An' here I go too! Me for the fireworks t'night—wouldn't miss 'em for all the daytime fun. (Turning to look just before he darts around the corner of the house.) Gee! Look at 'em all sploidin' at once! I reckon I'd better go call Dr. Johnson right away an' have him fix up Willie's face for next week.



AFTER.

RESOLVED. That it is better to be keeful than brave. If I'd handed Johnnie that bunch to hold I'd 'a' had lots more fun firin' 'em off one at a time than lettin' 'em all flash in my face. Then I wouldn't have to sit here in the house with this bandage around my head an' patches on my chin an' cheek an' my arm tied up missin' all the fireworks tonight. Nex' time I'll ferget the valor of my forefathers on the bloody battlefield an' pay more 'tention to the pers'nal safety of little Willie Jones.



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A RIPPLE of red, white and blue—
overhead—
Undulations of glory and beauty so rare.

A poem of colors to heaven outspread
The banner of freedom, flung free on the air!

Its natty notation
Seems to say to the nation,
"Today I am holding my own celebration."

And the flag takes the hands of the frolicsome breeze
While they waltz to the tunes from the wind-fretted trees.

DANCE, ripple and wave, O flag of the free!
Let flutter your folds o'er the prosperous land!

One day of the blessing fraught many give we,
Old Glory, to you, of all banners most grand.

Your glad palpitation
Stirs the pulse of the nation,
And our hearts leap and throb with a rare exultation,
For we thrill with delight that you, bright fold, still wave

"O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave."

YOU ripple as red as the drops that were shed
By our sires and our sons on the red fields of strife

To keep your fair colors afloat overhead,
Where they'll wave while the spirit of freedom has life.

You once flung defiance
Against old world tyrants
Of looters and despots and forced their compliance.

Now, flag of the brave, you're the symbol of love,
Of peace and protection Columbia above

NOT purer the white that your beauty displays
Than the purpose that gave to your being its birth.

The offspring of freedom, your mission to blaze
A glorious truth to the ends of the earth.

Float, then, in elation
O'er this banner blest nation!
Yours, yours is the right to a rich celebration.

For your blue is as true as the natural blue
Of the heavens eternal that bend over you.



FAMOUS "FOURTH" EVENTS.

It is an interesting fact that the fourth day of July has been rendered a memorable date in American history by several incidents other than the adoption of the Declaration of Independence at Philadelphia in 1776.

Three ex-presidents of the United States have died on that date. In 1826 Thomas Jefferson, author of the Declaration, passed away, exactly fifty years after the acceptance by colonial representatives of the immortal document with which his name is most inseparably connected. John Adams also died that same day and year. In 1831 ex-President James Monroe, who fought as a youth in the American Revolution, died on the Fourth of July.

After a long siege General U. S. Grant marched into Vicksburg July 4, 1863, the fallen stronghold of the Confederacy in the west. For many weeks the nation had hoped and prayed for this result. Grant's victory completed the opening of the Mississippi river and cut the Confederacy in twain.

The very same day the nation learned of the defeat of General Lee's army at Gettysburg after three days of terrific battle. Gettysburg, historians agree, was the pivotal battle of the civil war.

Yet, again, on the glorious Fourth of 1898 was disseminated to the nation through its eager press the news of the remarkable victory of Sampson and Schley over Cervera's fleet at Santiago—a triumph which ended the war with Spain, liberated Cuba, annexed Porto Rico to the United States and drove Spanish rule from its last foothold in the western hemisphere.

MY QUIET FOURTH

By ROBERT DONNELL.

SO they're trying to produce the noiseless Fourth, are they? These Luther Burbanks of patriotism are going after the glorious old day as Luther went after the cactus—to scrape the spines off and leave it a soft, velvety affair? Make the Fourth just a dream day for siestas and somnolence, dedicated to the great white god Silence?

Very well. Let them do it. After about one or a fraction of one such silent Fourth they'll be glad to get back to the pop proposition. I know, beloved, because I once experienced an absolutely silent Fourth of July.

My noiseless Fourth took place somewhere near the middle of the Nevada desert. You can find places in that desert today where there isn't a sound for hundreds of miles because there's nothing to make a sound. I was herding cattle in those days—punching cows, the elegant eastern writers call it. Caliente was my headquarters. Ever see Caliente? I mean, rather, did you ever feel Caliente? There isn't much to see, but in midsummer you can feel Caliente. It feels just as its Spanish name implies—hot. Caliente is surrounded by barren mountains, beyond which stretches barren desert. Nowadays there is a railroad that finds entrance and exit between the passes, but in those days the lonesome little burg was an isolated speck.

Strange to say, the town had run out of ammunition by the end of June. Though every man carried a six shooter there wasn't a cartridge left in Caliente. And as for other fireworks material there wasn't a cracker—except whip crackers.

Caliente couldn't stand for a fireworkless Fourth, so I was detailed to ride horseback eighty miles across the shimmering desert and bring back from the nearest railroad town a supply of noise producers. My horse had a lame hoof, so the boss proffered his.

"You'll have to tether him down pretty tight when you camp," said the boss. "For you know De's mighty antish."

I set out on the first day of July. I calculated—being from New England I can calculate, you see—that I could get the fireworks and reach Caliente in time for the celebration to begin about noon of the Fourth. I made the railroad town all right, strapped big bundles of pyrotechnics to the horse and got back within thirty miles of Caliente by the evening of the third. I was dog tired. So was the horse probably. But I determined to rest only an hour, eat a bite and plug along a few hours before making camp, so that I could get into Caliente a little earlier than I was expected.

Dismounting, I hitched the horse to a cactus bush and sat down to unlace my shoes. I proposed easing my own feet before easing the animal by unsaddling him. I went sound asleep with one shoe off and one on. An hour later I awoke. The horse was gone. He had pulled the top off the brittle cactus bush and released himself. He carried with him Caliente's entire stock of fireworks; also my six shooter, slung over the saddle in his holster.

I slept soundly until daybreak on the sandy ground. Arising at dawn on the Fourth of July, I set out at a brisk pace for Caliente, as I thought. It was a sultry day, and the heat increased as the hours advanced. By noon I was wondering why I hadn't hit the pass into Caliente. I discovered that I had been walking in a big circle. Just then I was about fifty miles away from Caliente. I knew old Charlie, faithless to me, but faithful to his master, had reached town hours before with the fireworks.

There are no birds in the desert to make twittering song. There are no trees through which the breeze blows a subdued strain. I was the only living thing, so far as I knew, for fifty miles in each direction. The absolute stillness of the scene appalled me. I yearned for some sound—a thunder crash, an earthquake, anything, just so it made a noise. In my imagination, but only there, I could hear the "pop, pop, pop" of the crackers along Saloon row.

I was tired—awfully tired. I was footsore; I was hungry; I was thirsty; I was hot—fiercely hot. But I wanted to confess right here and now that none of these disagreeable things caused me half such agony as that dreadful, dumb, desolate, universal Silence, with a big S. I tried to shout, but my dry tongue gave forth no sound. Clutching wildly at a greasewood bush, I fell to the baked soil and lost knowledge of life.

Early on the morning of the 5th of July the boys found me there—the rescue party that set out as soon as the boss' riderless horse got in. After a big swig at the water bottle I faintly implored one of the fellows to fire off his gun. He did so, and the sound was a sonata.

"Reckon you've enjoyed a quiet Fourth?" suggested Missouri Bill.